



# ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

Sandwich, Ontario

---

APRIL, 1910.

## CONTENTS.

---

To Spring (poem),	-	-	-	-	-	1
The Sublime,	-	-	-	-	-	2
The Exultet,	-	-	-	-	-	7
Spring (poem),	-	-	-	-	-	12
Dramatic Climaxes,	-	-	-	-	-	13
Editorial,	-	-	-	-	-	18
Athletics,	-	-	-	-	-	20
Chronicle,	-	-	-	-	-	27
Exchanges,	-	-	-	-	-	32



# Assumption College Review

*Entered at the Post Office at Sandwich, Ont. as second-class matter*

The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

Subscription: One dollar a year, payable in advance; single copies, 15 cents.

Address all correspondence to Business Manager, A. C. R., Sandwich, Ont.

---

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1910.

No. 9.

---

## To Spring.

(FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.)

Behold and see, now that the Spring appears,  
The beauteous Graces on the scene,  
Where every fragrant rose its head uprears,  
From out a perfect sea of green.

See how the calm has hushed the waves at sea ;  
The duck upon the water 's found,  
While traveling cranes are on the wing and free,  
And brightly smiles the sun around.

And clouds like ships upon the azure deep,  
Cast quick dispersing shadows down.  
Man's Works upon the earth now upwards creep ;  
And fruits begin the trees to crown.

The olive clings close to its airy perch.  
See Bacchus' cups with garlands crowned ;  
And in the breeze the laden branches lurch  
And bend with fruit close to the ground.

—*Cornelius Bates*, '11.

### The Sublime.



UBLIMITY, in its most general significance, is a species of the beautiful which imparts pleasure of a peculiarly elevated nature. "The sublime," says Lacordaire, "is elevation, profundity and simplicity, blended in a single trait." It is that special kind of perfection which may be termed "striking greatness." As applied to literary art it is the quality which, by expressing boundless extent and superior power or strength, elevates our minds to a higher plane of thought and fills it with greater conceptions and more noble ideas. From this it is perfectly evident that the foundation of the sublime is in nature, for art is but the imitation and perfection and rearrangement of nature. Now in nature we find three chief sources of the sublime, namely the physical, moral, and intellectual sublime.

The first and simplest forms of the physical sublime are the boundless views of nature—the vast expanse of ocean, the starry vault of heaven, the trackless plain. These produce in the beholder a kind of internal expansion and elevation. They raise the mind out of its ordinary state, and fill it with a degree of wonder and astonishment which is well nigh beyond the power of expression. It is not, as Coventry Patmore says, that we are seeking expression for things "too sweet and too simple for words;" but we have run the whole gamut and have arrived in the region of things

"Too lofty for language to reach."

Such sources of sublime as space, infinity and eternity produce the strongest emotions, and our minds, unable to fully comprehend these ideas or to be entertained by any other, are filled with wonderment.

As vastness or infinity, so also power produces the sublime. On final analysis, it will be found that there is nothing sublime that is not some manifestation or some



modification of power. For example—the erupting volcano, the rumbling thunder, the swift lightning, the spectacle of a great fire all show the great power of the forces of nature, and tend to elevate the mind above itself. This exhibition of power must not be accompanied by any apprehension of danger to ourselves or it incites to horror instead of inspiring to the sublime. The sublime, both of boundless view and power is remarkably combined in the eternally moving ocean, and Byron has given us these beautiful lines :

“ Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

The silence and solitude and obscurity of nature also fill our minds with sublime thoughts. Of silence and solitude we have examples in the deserts like Sahara, the pathless forests, the lonesome ice-fields. These border, it is true, on the terrible, but they are sublime since they force upon us the sensibility of our own utter littleness compared to the grandeur around us.

Sublimity is wonderfully conveyed in the following from *Childe Harold* in describing the unusual magnificance of St. Peter's at Rome :

“ But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,  
 To which Diana’s marvel was a cell—  
 Christ’s mighty shrine above his martyr’s tomb !  
 I have beheld the Ephesian’s miracle—  
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
 The hyaena and the jackal in their shade ;  
 I have beheld Sophia’s bright roofs swell  
 Their glittering mass i’ the sun, and have survey’d  
 It’s sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray’d.”

"But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook His former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty, all are aisled,  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Enter: Its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies; nor be blasted by His brow."

But still more sublime is the firmament of heaven,  
 for here are present all physical sources of the sublime,  
 vastness, silence, obscurity and power. Where can more  
 majestic lines be found than these from Milton?

"All night the dreadless angel unpursu'd  
 Through Heav'n's wide champion held his way, till morn,  
 Wak't by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave  
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n,  
 Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;  
 Light issues forth, and at the outer door  
 Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour  
 To veil the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here; and now went forth the moon  
 Such as in highest Heav'n array'd in gold  
 Empyrical, from before her vanished night,  
 Shot through with orient beams."

From animated nature we derive two sources of the  
 sublime, the moral and the intellectual. It arises from  
 the exhibition of such great powers of mind and will  
 that produce astonishment in the beholder. It is shown  
 in the moral strength exhibited in the pursuit and accom-



plishment of some great object. We needs must be impressed by the labors and perseverance of a Caesar, of a Columbus, of a Washington. And it is because of their moral worth. They accomplished what they set out to do. They felt that they possessed this power of accomplishment and behind all they had the will, firm and unyielding, to put their potentiality into actuality.

The second and greatest means of showing this sublimity is in self-sacrifice. History is replete with instances. The whole history of the Church and the stories of the martyrs is but one continued catalogue of self-sacrifice. And modern times are not wanting in this respect. We need only mention the name of Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers, as an instance of a modern martyr of charity. But greater, grander, and far more sublime than all is that great drama enacted on Calvary, when the very earth trembled under the weight of the victim of man's wickedness, trembled under the weight of its dying Creator, and when this victim of love, the Son of God Himself, breathed that grandest of all utterances, not a complaint against His persecutors, but a petition for their forgiveness, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Then indeed was the climax of sublimity reached, for a God could do no more.

But this sublimity appeals to us more perhaps when shown in human beings; for God is so far beyond the grasp of created intellects; and it is precisely for this reason that the Son became man and lived the life of a man in the world in order to win humanity.

Intellectual power, like moral power, is a source of sublimity. Literature is full of sublime passages dealing with intellectual greatness exhibited in such personages as Soloman, Plato, Aristotle, Anquias, and Bacon. And it is when intellectual and moral greatness combine that they give us a perfectly sublime human specimen.

In regard to the style in which sublimity is expressed we will discover that it is either of the highest magnificence or in the greatest simplicity. We have seen exam-

ples of gorgeous magnificence in Byron and Milton, but the Scriptures, which contain by far the loftiest specimens of the sublime, are in almost all cases extremely but powerfully simple. We append a few examples :

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth. And the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep : and the spirit of God moved over the waters. And God said : Be light made. And light was made."—Gen. i. 1-4.

"God hath measured the waters in the hollow of His palm ; He hath poised with three fingers the bulk of the earth, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."—Isaias xl. 12.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul : O Lord my God, thou art exceedingly great. Thou hast put on praise and beauty : and art clothed with light as with a garment. Who stretchest out the heaven like a pavilion : who coverest the higher rooms thereof with water. Who makest the clouds thy chariot : who walkest upon the wings of the winds. Who makest thy angels spirits : and thy ministers a burning fire. Who hast founded the earth upon its own bases : it shall not be moved forever and ever."—Psalms ciii. 1-5.

—*Cornelius Bates, '11.*

### Words.

From seaweed floating on the briny sea,  
Columbus argued out a western land ;  
And so a careless casual word and free  
A heart as good or bad will brand.



## The Exultet.

A LEGEND OF EASTER.



It is some fourteen centuries since St. Augustine governed the church of North Africa. His preaching was listened to with breathless interest. It was during this period, that a Monk stood one day in the garden of his monastery. His earnest careworn face manifested signs of deep thought as he stood with folded hands in a quiet nook of the cloister-garth. Neither the almond trees with their wreath of blossoms, nor the tender green of the low shrubbery, nor the nodding palm branches could win from him an admiring glance. Not even the wonderful double columns with the artistic finish of the arches and niches of the cloister, which surrounded the square of the garden, attracted his attention. He was unmindful even of the presence of his brethren who were taking recreation while walking in pairs in the collonade. In fact they were solicitous not to distract him as they regarded him with wondering and reverential glances.

The brother had received from the Pope a weighty commission. He was to compose the hymn of the Church for Easter to commemorate the Saviour's resurrection. Up to that time the church had contented herself with the spirited repetition of the "Alleluias." But now she was to have a good hymn of joy and thanksgiving, which, according to the Pope's command a deacon was to sing annually on the eve of Easter to celebrate the glorious Resurrection. The words had been composed by St. Augustine who, as was commonly believed, had heard them from lips of angels. The hymn began with the words, "Exultet jam angelica turba coelorum," "Exult ye angelic hosts of heaven." In jubilant measures he sang the Saviour's victory, His Resurrection—the happy night in which the Lord triumphed over the

grave and arose from death to new life—the happy fault of man which drew from heaven a Divine Redeemer—the Merciful God who gave His Son to redeem his fallen servants—and with the most exalted praise mingled the most fervent petitions for all degrees of man, for pope, priest, emperor, and all christians. The text of the hymn, beautifully copied, lay in the Monk's cell and he was to set it to music.

He was widely known as a most expert musician, but he exclaimed when he first read the great hymn, "No art of man is equal to the composition of a melody which can compare in beauty." Nevertheless he had set to work, not merely from motives of obedience, but also moved by the thought to put to music the grandest and most beautiful hymn of the church—and that for all time the whole of christendom would chant his measures.

So it was not to be wondered at that his days were full of care and anxiety. Often he had begun, but when he had written a few musical phrases and desired to sing the words he hesitated, and beating his breast he cried out, "It is useless to try, my art is not equal to the task." But spurned on by ambition and some inward thought he would try anew, but always in vain. Today more than ever, he felt his inability. His brethren had now left the cloister and returned to their various tasks and he was alone in the garden; the abbot, who knew his anxiety, did not disturb him. At length he humbly knelt down and began to pray; "Come Holy Spirit, do thou help me, for I am powerless. Forgive me for hitherto imagining that I should accomplish my task by my own inherent talent, and for proudly linking myself with it. I will no longer regard myself. Do Thou, I pray, inspire me with holy melody for the blessed Easter, that Thy praise may be worthily sung and I vow that I shall write each note as Thou inspirest me, and will neither omit nor add anything, not even my own name; but to Thee alone shall I give all the glory." Long and earnestly with childlike devotion the Monk prayed to the Holy Ghost, in whose good-



ness and love he had a most firm and unshaken faith, confiding to Him as a child to its mother, all that was in his heart.

His prayer deserved to be answered.

The evening of Holy Saturday had come. Again the monks stood within the cloister garth. After the solemnities of the choir had ended he considered his task. Slowly he began to sink to the ground. His arms being limp by his side. His kneeling form inclined gradually forward until he lay without movement. The palm and almond rustled in the breeze coming in from the sea coast, the sun with its declining rays gilded the white columns of the cloister. But the Monk saw and felt none of these things. His emaciated body, clad in his sombre habit, lay as if lifeless. His soul meanwhile dwelt in celestial climes, amid endless brightness and light unutterable. Immeasurable and boundless are the circles he beholds, in which angels, without number, and clad in glorious light hover about the eternal throne, standing in inexpressible brilliancy. Below in an immense circle kneels the saints. First the Blessed Virgin and John the Baptist, the Apostles, millions of martyrs, bishops, priests, confessors, virgins in snowy robes, holy innocents, and purified penitents.

On the throne, the Father and Holy Ghost, stands the Son in His Humanity ; His body beamed with light, His wounds gleamed with rubies, His face beautiful beyond mortal loveliness. He stands beside the Eternal Father in the majesty of the conqueror over death and sin. Then there advances into the midst of the great throng, St. John the Evangelist, with another disciple, clad in priestly robes, who intones the Easter Canticle. Wrapt in miraculous vision, and, where all heaven is silent there resound His wondrous song :

“ Exult ye angelic host of Heaven, exult ye mysteries of God, let the trumpet sound full of salvation and blessing for the grand victory of the great King ! Let the earth, irradiated by His light and transfigured by the

glory of the eternal King, rejoice that it is freed from darkness ! Let Mother Church, shining with the radiance of glad light rejoice, and let this Holy City resound powerfully with the jubilant shout of all nations ! \* \* \* Truly it is meet and just with soul and exultant voice to praise God, the Almighty Father, and His Only-begotten Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, who has rendered to us to the father payment for Adam's death, and redeemed the bond of shame with his blood ! For this the Holy Paschal Feast ! Yea, this is the night in which Thou didst meet our fathers, the children of Israel, out of Egypt and conduct them dry-shod through the sea ! This is the night which took away darkness of sin and frees from sin all those in this world who believe in Christ, and restores them to grace and leads them to sanctity ! This is the night in which Christ burst the bonds of death, and arose to life as conqueror over it ! It would have profited nothing to have been born if redemption had not saved us.

"O, unspeakable charity ; to save thy servant Thou didst deliver up thy Son ! O happy fault that sent such a Divine Redeemer ! O Happy Night ! thou alone saw the moment and hour when Christ arose from death ! This is the night of which Scripture speaks : " And night shall be clear as day, and the night shall be my light in my glory. O Happy Night, which unites heaven and earth, and raises man to the Godhead !"

One knows not with what to compare the voice of the holy apostle ; with the tone of the bell, a flute, a harp, a clear strain of a boy's throat or a more mature timbre of a youth's. It is the best of all these, it is a supernatural voice, a pure song without earthly effects, the most charming that God had created to delight mortal ears. And the melody ? So well known and still so strange and supernatural, the most beautiful on earth, the melody of the preface, and yet so far removed from the chanting of the mortal priest. And, as if this melody were not enough for the breast of St. John, it mingled



with the solemn strains marvelous, joyous notes, such as mortal had never heard. Yet all so majestic, holy and harmonious ! Transcendant and free from mortal blemish—yet so simple, certain, clear that child may love it and join the strain.

The millions of heaven listen, reflect, behold and rejoice. They feel what St. John is singing in the name of all, and with him enjoy, devotion, rapture, all heaven is one in heart, soul, mind, praise and prayer.

Such is the exults of eternal bliss.

(To be continued.)

From the German of Kuummel.

—*R. L. Marker.*

### **Duty.**

Tho' life be full of care  
And prove a task,  
Do thou thy best, 'tis all  
That God can ask.

### Spring.



T last we have that season here,  
When nature's stores unfold,  
And with each passing day grows dear,  
With joyousness untold.

Each zephyr woos the bursting buds,  
Each carries some new song,  
And the odors of the fruitful earth  
Their freshness waft along.

New songsters gay from foreign climes  
Are with us now at last,  
And fluttering wings and chirping sounds  
Succeed the winter's blast.

The brook that through the meadow curves  
Is loosed from its crystal chains,  
And the silver stars that once did fall  
Have turned to 'freshing rains.

And gladness bursts from the budding ground,  
And joy o'er all holds sway,  
For the clouds that dark the April sky  
Increase the brightness of May.

And fair are these days of the young year,  
And pleasant it is to live,  
To merely live and feel and see  
The gifts the new days give.

The perfecting strife we see about  
Expands our very heart,  
And we with hope resolve to make  
Our lives its counterpart.

—*Cornelius Bates, '11*



### Dramatic Climaxes.



THE wonderful art of Shakespeare is nowhere so effective as in certain particular lines on which a whole series of effects and situations find their climax. For these the mind has been prepared by a long course of previous dramatic action in the play, the interest has been wrought up to the highest pitch and the spectator on the edges of expectation and in the very white heat of emotional suspense. With admirable skill the dramatist has worked upon the minds and sympathies of the audience. Scene by scene we are taken out of our customary life work and transported to another land, a distant age, or to an unaccustomed mode of life; there we follow with the perfect confidence of children, with no rude shock of inartistic workmanship, no illtimed emotional appeal, no awkwardness of detail to jolt us back to *terra firma* and the realization that we are only spectators; upwards ever upwards we soar upon the wings of imagination to the realms of genius where life in its finer essence is unfolded to our inner selves. There we dwell at his mercy, as plastic in his hands, as the moist clay in the hands of a child. He holds us hypnotised and the rest is easy for the great dramatist. Once in his power he sets to work to mould our whole beings—mind, will, sensibilities, emotions, even our very eyes and ears—for one great climacterine effect, that sweeps us completely out of our normal selves and thrills every sense with an ecstasy of dramatic appreciation and artistic delight. Then with every fibre of our being tingling from the very intensity of their expansive and unwonted activity we gradually settle back to normal again, and at this stage there is nothing for the dramatist to do but to bring the action to an abrupt or at least to a speedy close.

This marvellous effect is as suddenly produced as

the death of a criminal in an electric chair. The button is pressed ; the current turned on, a sudden contortion of every muscle and then the relaxing. The button in our study is some particular line, which seems to gather into itself the accumulated force of hundreds of lines, and we feel the shock accordingly.

Not that the lines isolated from the context have such enormous voltage ; but rather the whole series of effects, which have in turn impressed us one by one, each according to the power proper to that one in its place in the series, are suddenly brought together again and discharged through our natures in a single moment, and having, besides the voltage of each in the individual, an increased total voltage from the strength of their union.

When Antony, standing at the entrance to the Senate and seeing the people rushing off in mad fury, exclaims :

" Now let it work, Mischief, thou art afoot. Take thou what course thou wilt !" we were never made to feel the whole force of his masterful speech. A new light is cast upon it and we see and feel the entire speech in one moment. In that moment of luminous insight we are touched and thrilled and the romance lingers long after the curtain has dropped. In the case of Antony's speech this marvellous phenomenon, which we readily enough perceive, but cannot as easily explain, is due in part to the self-revelation by Antony who in these words reveal to us the purpose of the speaker. We had been carried away by the apparent plain bluntness of Antony's words, so as not to note even the clever insinuation in every line of the speech though we felt the full force of every word, like the Roman mob, when the whole clever, cunning and disguised malice of Antony's game is unveiled in " Now let it work." At that moment the whole speech comes back upon us and with our new insight we see and feel it all again, but with triple clearness and intensity.

A similar effect is found in "A Midsummer Night's



Dream." The fairies have been introduced to us in all the idyllic beauty of their elemental natures, forever dancing

"In grove or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen."

We have also met the players,

"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,

That work for bread upon Athenian stalls."

Bottom, "the shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort," is pouring forth the lines of a rude measure in a rancous tentorian voice, just as Titani, the Queen of the Fairies, awakes under the powerful charm of the juice of a flower which Oberon has squeezed into her eyes. As she awakens and looks about her she exclaims:

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

Here we are made to feel the full force of the contrast between the airy natures of Titania and the gross texture of uncouth Bottom and at the same time the full humor of the incident is flashed upon us. The enjoyment of the situation is only prolonged when Titania persists in her address to Bottom.

"I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note ;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thrice shape ;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth nerve me  
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee."

In both of these instances it is not the words so much as the situation that marks such wonderful effects.

But perhaps the most striking line in all Shakespeare is to be found in *King Lear*. The rash headstrong king has divided his kingdom between his two unnatural daughters and banished Cordelia. There after disaster follows disaster and the weight of all falls on Lear. He still refuses to see his folly and each slight drives him to greater waves of passion until reason itself forsakes him. It would seem that he is helplessly insane, and the possibility of realizing his own folly and repairing the injury

to Cordelia is irrevocably lost. But under the care of the doctor and the soothing influence of Cordelia's voice he once more awakens to mental balance. Then with the confused, but none the less, intense consciousness of his own past follies he weakly confesses.

"I am a very foolish, fond old man." Here the whole strain and tension of this stormy drama is broken, the whole foundation of madness and diabolic fury sinks in a moment from the action and we are made aware of the fact by the simple sincere confession of the broken-spirited old man. Two Lears are before us. In the foreground of the picture we see the bent figure, drooping with age and physical exhaustion, and broken in spirit, subdued, humbled, ready to be led, unwilling to trust neither his eyes or his memory, and even shrinking from saying what he thinks, lest he be laughed at.

In the background stands clearly outlined the other Lear, strong, impervious, hasty and arbitrary, unreasonably condemning his beloved child to the banishment of a foreign court, driving away his most faithful subject and pouring the vials of his wrath on the unnatural hags he has taken to his bosom.

"No, you unnatural hags  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;  
No. I'll not weep.

"I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart shall  
break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep, O fool, I shall go mad."

Round his head play "sulphurous and thought-executing fires," and "oak-cleaving thunderbolts." Winds rage and blow, cataracts and hurricanes drown the earth amid the roar and rumble of dreadful thunders. Bare-headed he stands exposed to the full brunt of the storm and yet he hurls defiance at the tempest and dares the elements to do their worst.



"But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters joined  
Your high engender'd battles 'gainest a head  
So old and white as this."

For the painter's brush so magnificent a subject is too great. The imagination alone can do it justice, and we must suppose that the great dramatist himself felt how inadequate the stage would be to present it in its immeasurable power. No colors can give the full contrast of stormy passionate anger with tenderest pathos, the emotion of calmness and affection. Of all the arts the dramatist alone has the power to move the mind and heart around great cycles of thought and emotion by the magic of imagination, and in this last instance Shakespeare has reached the limit of his actual accomplished.

Many similar instances might be adduced, but the above are sufficient to illustrate this device, by which the dramatic effect is so highly emphasized. It will also be observed that the emphasis is not in the words but in the situation and that contrast particularly is made to do service in securing some of the finest effects.

—*Alumnus.*

### **Love.**

Tho' love be lauded to the skies,  
Reason should enter in ;  
In love controlled perfection lies,  
Abuse it and we sin.



## Editorial.

### The Vatican Incident.

When Theodore Roosevelt was denied the privilege of an audience with the Pope, he must have felt, in spite of the personal chagrin such a disappointment would naturally cause, that he was dealing with a court where there was no exception of persons, where the mightiest and the lowliest were equally welcome, and where law and order prevailed over rank or reputation.

Whatever unpleasantness there was in the affair was, it seems to us, the ex-President's seeking. If an ex-Vice-President would visit the objectionable Methodist propagandists, might not an ex-President? Did not Theodore Roosevelt know as much? And if an ex-Vice-President was therefore denied an audience, might not, nay would not an ex-President meet with a like rebuff? Could not Theodore Roosevelt have surmised as much? Then why did he seek an audience, especially as the Fairbanks' affair was so recent. We do not know his motives, but we



may be allowed to speculate that since he asked for an audience, he really expected to be received—far be it from us to think that he hoped to be subjected to a condition by rejecting which he would show all the world his jealousy of personal liberty. Then if he expected to be received he must have reasons. "That fellow Fairbanks was refused, but look who I am." Rome is no exceptor of persons.

But perhaps, the meanest feature of the whole publicity of the incident, were the aspersions cast upon Cardinal Merry Del Val. That they were absolutely groundless, is sufficiently shown by the sources from which they emanated. Of course the liberal press of the continent and the Associated Press had to live up to their past records, and they did so to the utmost of their ability.

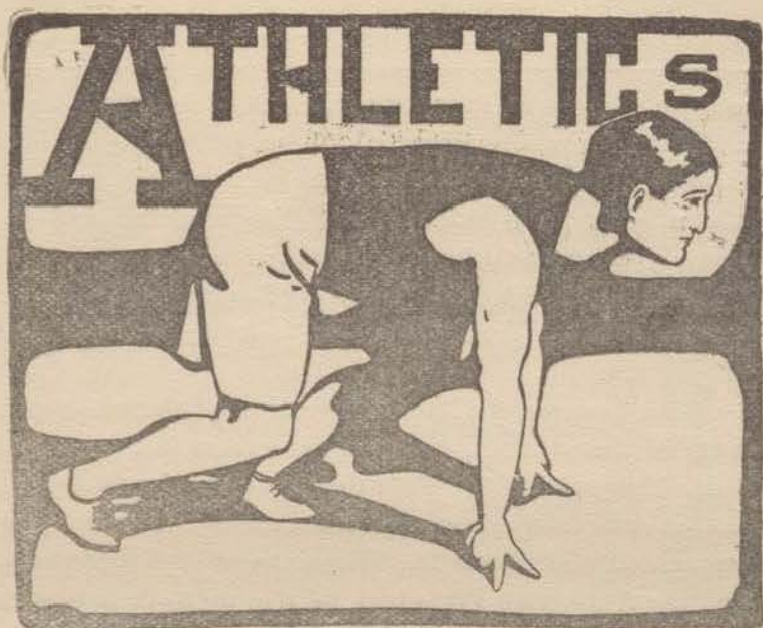
### **Gaudemus.**

Let us rejoice while we may. We have had a delightful March and all records for sunlight and balmy weather have been broken. Not even the oldest inhabitant can recall a parallel, and nobody is sorry. Scarcely had the snow disappeared from the campus when the ball diamonds began to show signs of drying, and the schedule in the handball league, which usually lasts till the end of March, had to be shortened because the players could not be held in doors when the sunshine outside was calling them to the open fields. But we have no complaint to lodge against the weather nor because he has enabled us to get in shape for a long and happy schedule.

---

### **Friendship.**

And if the conduct of a friend  
Depends on fickle whim ;  
Of this at least we can be sure  
Our loyalty to him.



### Stella Hand Ball.

The early arrival of base ball weather put an abrupt end to a very successful season of hand-ball. One series of the schedule remains unplayed, but this could not give another team the honors of the league. The sole title belongs to the Robinet-Brennan party, who defended their claim heroically from the very start. Three times they were on the verge of defeat at the hands of their immediate pursuers—but it could not be so: in two of these games bad decisions, when the fight was all but finished, completely reversed the tide.

The last event of marked interest in the alley game was the international games between the Irish and French; the former being represented by Kennedy and Richardson, while Robinet and Brisson fought for the glory of the latter. The supporters of the Erin flag scrapped like Kilkenny cats to down their haughty opponents, but old St. Pat. seemed to have forgotten his friends and they tasted two defeats on the day reserved for their rejoicing, Mar. 17. Brisson was easily the big feature of the battles. Several times his partner deprived him of easy



chances to butt the rubber from the short line leaving the difficult ones for "Stanz:" but the St. Joseph star proved his worth by handling these as cleverly as a veteran. Frequently the Irishman slammed the sphere in Brisson's alley, and awaited the umpire's decision on a dead-butt; but "Stanz" would make a desperate stride through half the court and the almost impossible. The greater share of glory in the victory was Brisson's. The scores were 21-19, and 21-13.

## HAND-BALL—FINAL STANDING.

	WON	LOST	PERC.
Robinet } Brennan }	20	0	1000
Richardson } Fillion }	12	8	600
McIntyre } Finn }	10	10	500
Kennedy } Merkle }	8	12	400
McQuillan } Roberge }	6	14	300
Costello } Moran }	4	16	200

**Belvedere Hand Ball.**

A remarkably close fight has made the Belvedere League of '10 unique on the college record: ten teams of the eleven in the league constitute four ties. The schedule consisted of two series only, and lack of time prevented them from being played off. The winners of the first series were to have played a post-schedule series of five games with the winners of the second, but the diamond game has so suddenly made hand-ball a thing of the past that there is no chance for post-schedule games, and the final leaves Morand-Bondy and Manning-Broughton tie for the honors.

St. Pat. was in one end of the alley at least to spur his warriors on to victory. The French, under Morand and Currier, were dealt a humiliating defeat by the Irish,

represented by O'Neil and Manning. The contest was short and very decisive: the outcome was evident from the beginning, the Irish having the better figure throughout. The score was 21 to 3: umpire—Gazella.

#### BELVEDERE FINAL STANDING.

	WON	LOST	PERC.
Morand } Bondy }	13	2	867
Manning } Broughton }	13	2	867
O'Neill } Gottwald }	10	5	667
Gazella } Harrigan }	8	7	533
Currier } Crane }	8	7	533
Pope } Conway }	7	8	467
Fitzmaurice } W. Ryan }	7	8	467
Dillon } Conger }	4	11	267
J. Dalton } T. Murray }	4	11	267
Daniels } Turner }	4	11	267
Christie } Pfeffer }	4	11	267

#### Tai Kun Handball.

The condition of the Tai Kun diamond was not so favorable for a baseball game, and the younger enthusiasts had an opportunity to finish their league while Sol was doing his duty on the muddy campus. Martin and Curty were the winners and Famularo and Sanglier were only one game behind them. Maurice Sullivan, last year's champion in this quarter, was impeded by an attack of the gout, and could not show his usual dexterity in the alley.



**Base-Ball.**

## STELLA DIAMOND.

The enthusiasm shown on Assumption's diamond this year surpassed any that the annals show since '05. Baseball is much alive in every quarter of the yard ; and if the success of our representative team depends upon the spirit of those on the Stella grounds, the '10 record will admit of no defeat. This year's team is bound to clean up things proper, because the interest manifested in the daily practice by the competition is exceptional ; and when the worthies don the new uniforms on April 9th for the first game of the schedule a glorious result is expected.

The Stella Baseball League, composed of three teams, viz : Sandwich, Windsor and Walkerville, opened for the season when Sandwich and Windsor crossed bats on the 1st. The contest was one-sided, in favor of the former, but this made the game no less interesting. Time permitted only five innings and in this time the Sandwichites experimented with McKeon for five hits, two of these bearing extra bases, and five runs in the first inning ; two errors also helped to make the count. "Gig" Robinet was substituted for McKeon in the second, but he was not long on the rubber before Kane's sluggers solved his delivery, and he proved little more effective than his companion. Richardson was on the slab for Sandwich and had his opponents at his mercy throughout the game, allowing them only two bingles and making eight big ones fan the wind. McQuillan found the sphere for three safe ones out of four ; while Brennan, Flynn, Kane and Bell managed to get two each. McKeon and Mailloux were the lucky ones against "Shorty" Richardson. Stanz Brisson handled two flies in deep left in a manner that borders on the spectacular. They robbed the batters of would-be long drives.

The score :

<i>Sandwich.</i>					<i>Windsor.</i>				
	AB	R	H	E		AB	R	H	E
Brennan, 3.....	4	1	2	0	McIntyre, 3.....	4	0	0	0
Kane, 1.....	4	3	2	1	Gaffney, r f.....	3	0	0	0
Bell, 2.....	4	1	2	0	Robinet, c*.....	3	0	0	0
McQuillan, c.....	4	2	3	0	Mace, 2.....	3	0	0	0
Fillion, s s.....	4	3	4	1	McKeon, p.....	4	0	1	0
Richardson, p.....	4	2	1	1	Finn, s s.....	3	0	0	1
Young, m f.....	4	0	0	0	Walker, r.....	4	0	0	2
Flynn, r f.....	4	0	2	0	Mailloux, m f.....	4	0	1	1
S. Brisson, l f.....	4	0	0	0	Roberge, l f.....	3	0	0	1
Totals.....	36	12	16	2	Totals.....	31	0	2	5

\*Robinet caught one inning and pitched four.

	1	2	3	4	5	Runs
Sandwich.....	5	4	1	2	0	12
Windsor.....	0	0	0	0	0	0

Hits—Off McKeon, 5 in 1 inning; off Robinet, 11 in 4 innings. Three-base hits—Fillion 2. Two-base hits—McQuillan, Fillion. Stolen bases—Richardson, McQuillan, Fillion, McKeon. Hit by pitcher—Gaffney by Richardson. Left on bases—Sandwich 4; Windsor 2. Struck out—by Richardson, 8; by McKeon, 2; by Robinet, 4. Double play—Richardson, Kane and McQuillan. Passed ball—Roberge 2. Time—1 hour. Umpire—C. Kelly.

The representative team have games scheduled with the following—the schedule is yet incomplete.

April 9—Martin Tigers.

April 16—Spalding.

April 23—Detroit Central High.

April 30—Detroit College of Law.

May 14—Detroit College of Law.

June 11—Detroit Business Institute.

May 30—St. Anthony's.

April 21—Detroit College.

May 10—Detroit College.

### **Belvedere Baseball.**

The Belvedere held their annual election March 19. A. O'Neil was the choice for captain of the diamond, and Jack Crane has already done much to show his efficiency in the office of secretary. The director of this division



selected three captains who chose men for their own team in the league, and as a result three evenly matched teams constitute a league which the officers expect will prove as successful as last year's. The Belvederes have promising material for a crack fast team, and the manager is now arranging games with the fastest 17 and 18 year old teams of Detroit.

## BELVEDERE LEAGUE.

REDS.	CRANIUMS.	BADACTORS.
Mac Alteer.	Buckholz.	Conway.
O'Neil, captain.	Sharkey.	Fitzmaurice, captain.
Olk.	Currier.	Ryan.
Broughton.	Conger.	Weber.
Morand.	Dillon.	Harrigan.
Turner.	Crane, captain.	Dacey.
Daniels.	Pfeffer.	Dalton.
Pope.	Mullin.	Shannon.
J. O'Brien.	Roehrig.	Sweeney.
McMillan.	Logan.	Minahan.
Alt.	Felganeur.	Marentette.
Koch.	Moore.	Doney.

A double-header was played April 4th in which Alex's Reds went down to defeat twice. Alex's warriors failed to locate Fitzmaurice's curves in the first game and were taken into camp by the score 7 to 3. Conway did the catching for "Fitz," and O'Neil and Morand was the battery for the Reds. In the second game Olk did the throwing for the Reds and was touched for several long hits, among which was Dillon's home run with two men on. Ragged playing in the outfield of Olk's support was also responsible for the defeat, 12 to 5. Batteries were—Olk and Morand for the Reds; Sharkey and Buckholz for the Craniums.

**Tai-Kuns Baseball.**

The result of recent elections in the Tai Kun division found L. Foster captain and L. Barlum secretary.

We can say little of the youngsters yet, because their grounds were very slow in drying up, and they have not had much practice. However we are certain that baseball in their quarter will be well worth while when the schedule is arranged for the following teams of their league.

TAI KUN LEAGUE.

DUTCH.	HOOSIERS.	STARS.
Chambers.	Burns.	Famularo.
Fisher, captain.	Fitzpatrick.	Barlum, captain.
Green.	Foster, captain.	Logan.
Gottwald.	R. Kelly.	Kleinhans.
Humphreys.	T. Lareau.	Martin.
Mathers.	McTaggart.	Marrow.
W. Murray.	Page.	H. O'Brien.
Niederpreum.	Sanglier.	Sullivan.
Quermback.	Smith.	A. Singulein.
Taylor.	Schaefer.	White.
— <i>Jos. L. Fillion, '12.</i>		





## Chronicle.

Not much local option about this weather.

Easter Sunday passed without any extraordinary happenings.

The value of marbles is decreasing as the season wanes. Even McGinnis will sell a few now. Call on him!

Easter Monday was very enjoyably spent by a visit to Belle Isle and Palmer Park, Detroit.

Get busy, there are enough stones left on the diamond that all may pick a few. Don't be backward in coming forward.

Felgy feels better since he had his face electrocuted.

Latin teacher: I didn't get all the prose this morning.

Kane: I didn't get all mine either.

Flanagan's definition of a bicromate cell in chemistry class: "Put a Greek grammar between two Latin grammars and throw them in the river." Too bad we have't more of those cells here.

Kane is a pretty good sport. He "loosened up" and passed his bottle of cough medicine around the classroom.

Handball season has once more given us the farewell "shake." The league finished on the 17th of March and now the lovers of sport will have to direct their energies to the baseball arena and the Sporting Extra of the Detroit Free Press.

Mr. E. Welty, another victim of appendicitis, was taken to Hotel Dieu where he underwent an operation. Mr. Welty is recovering with extraordinary rapidity, and report predicts that he will be with us within a few days.

The hookworm seems to be the prevalent menace about the yard those warm days.

Mr. E. Depuydt is rapidly convalescing and may be with us again before the end of the term, at least we hope that his condition will render it possible.

Mr. L. C. Leboeuf, a Rhetorician of '10, has severed himself from our ranks with a view of commencing a different branch of work. Louis was a friend of all, and his gracious amount of talent coupled with a very genial disposition, we feel assured, will lead him to the goal of success in whatever path of life he wishes to tread. Best wishes, Louis, for your success from your classmates, Ex. C. C., and always remember the old adage, "Nothing succeeds like Success!"

Master M. Harrigan has returned home after a short sojourn of two months with us. "Red" was the light of the yard while with us and we should appreciate a few visits from him.

The Dramatic Society convened on the 8th ult. for a very pleasant meeting. The initial feature of the meeting was the physical culture drill. The President then announced that an elocution contest was about to take place on or about June 1st, open to all aspirants. Mr. Hanick, the first speaker of the evening, entertained the members with a selection from Julius Caesar. The declaimer is deserving of much commendation for his efforts. The next was a selection from Byron's "Waterloo," by Mr. L. Bondy, who was followed by Mr. A. Brehler. This orator impersonated the burlesque "Dutchman," and gave his listeners a revised parody on the quaint old story "Jack und der Beanpole." Mr. L. Leboeuf captivated his listeners with "A Thought," for which he deserves much credit. The final was a very humorous selection by Mr. S. Brisson, and one thoroughly enjoyed by all.

St. Basil's Literary Society was called to order for a meeting on March 15th. The work tended to be of a descriptive nature but, notwithstanding, it was the means of a very enjoyable evening. Mr. L. Leboeuf opened the



programme with an instructive eulogy of the great English statesman "Horace Walpole." Mr. C. Merkle, always ready with a current topic, entertained the members with "The Campaign against the Hookworm." Mr. E. Hanick, for the edification of "foreigners," depicted "Canada's future" in a very optimistic light. A very striking essay was read by Mr. G. Brennan, entitled, "An Avalanche in the Rockies." The story represented a true state of affairs in that portion of our country, and that, coupled with the manner of delivery, rendered the selection a masterpiece of the evening.

Passion Week was solemnized with the wanted solemnity at the church of L'Assomption. The decorations of the altars, coupled with the large number of students arrayed in surplices, added greatly to the pomp and dignity of the services. Those officiating the ceremonies were :—

Holy Thursday—Fr. Cote, celebrant ; Fr. Roach, deacon ; and Fr. Moylan, sub-deacon.

Good Friday—Fr. Chalandard, celebrant ; Fr. Heward, deacon ; and Fr. Morley, sub-deacon.

Holy Saturday—Fr. Chalandard, celebrant ; Fr. Pagan, deacon ; and Fr. Murphy, sub-deacon.

Easter Sunday—Fr. Chalandard, celebrant ; Fr. Murphy, deacon ; and P. Mahoney, sub-deacon.

The last session of St. Basil's Literary Society for March was held on the 29th, and was, without a doubt, the most interesting meeting held this year, owing chiefly to the excellence of the selections delivered and the lively debate that followed. Mr. S. Brisson, the first speaker defended the "Municipal form of government," with a speech in which he endeavored to delineate the superiority of the above type over private ownership in the case of common utilities of a city. The next speech was by Mr. A. Brehler. By a strange coincidence this man selected the same topic as his predecessor, but defended "Private Ownership." His arguments were abounding in

convicting statements and directly in touch with the subject under discussion. Mr. C. Bates then greeted the members with a resume of Mr. Gladstone's biography. The speaker handled the subject well, insisting on the honesty of the great statesman, particularly in his dealings with Home Rule. Mr. W. Flanagan followed with a humorous story of two College Sports of canine nature, "Mike and Jack," both of whom are still members of Assumption. The last selection was "A Vision," by Mr. J. Bell. In this paper, as in his previous one, the reader showed marked ability in presenting his topic through beautiful images.

Erin's festive day was signalized with the most interesting and patriotic celebration in the literary line that has been put on this year by the Dramatic Society. Fr. Klick was present with an excellent orchestra composed of young men of St. Anthony's parish, Detroit. Words of commendation cannot express our gratefulness to Fr. Klick and his orchestra for the service they rendered us during the evening. Mr. Bell, acting chairman, delivered a "red hot" speech on the Saint of the day, and showed particularly the courage and heavenly inspired perseverance that made St. Patrick prominent in the categories of our Saints. Mr. J. Young, to be in touch with the spirit of the day, chose as his selection, "Robert Emmet's Vindication." The speaker's true conception of the argument and rousing delivery made this number a masterpiece of the evening. Mr. W. Alt, who, previous to his advent to College, has won no mean share of renown in theatrical circles, as a vocalist, favored the audience with a song entitled, "Come Back to Erin." Master J. Singelyn, in a recitation, "The Soliloquy of a Fly," won the applause and admiration of all present, and well was it deserved, for his delivery and memory were such as would do credit to an adept. Mr. E. Welty was next with a violin solo, "The Flower Song," in which he showed much ability as a violinist. Prof. Langlois, of Detroit,



well known among our circles as a skilled pianist and vocalist, and, under whose professorship many here have achieved marked musical attainments, entertained us with a classical song, "Dew Drops." Mr. M. Brisson sang a very sympathetic and touching song, "You Better Ask Me." The gentleman has a fine voice and was not in the least overshadowed by the efforts of his predecessors. Mr. F. Costello presented "The Combat," a selection from "The Lady of the Lake." He very vividly presented the scene of the meeting in the forest and the duel between Roderick Dhu, leader of the valiant Scottish Highlanders, who refused to bend before the King, and the King himself, Fitz James, of Scotland. The final was a sketch by Messrs. Roberge, Richardson and Kennedy. This farce consisted of a series of feats of legerdemain, all so very evident to the spectator that its title, "Black Magic" does not nearly express its sublime ridiculousness. One of its chief features was the model method employed to introduce the characters. Mr. Richardson, "The Rube," created an uproar in the audience upon his advent as a spectator, in a very "seedy" and antiquated attire. Mr. Roberge's appearance was a sudden one, making his trip to the stage from the rear of the audience mounted on a bicycle. His rôle was one of a clown, and he fulfilled it in such a way as to make a decided hit with the audience with his comic blunders. Mr. Kennedy, "The Fake Magician," produced some very wonderful feats by very common devices and partly with the wonderful magic wand (a round of a chair.) The orchestra concluded the performance with a lively march while the "Boys" filed off to the land of Slumberland.

## PROGRAMME :

March—"Uncle Sam's Sonata," ..... *Orchestra*  
 Chairman—"The Day We Celebrate," ..... *Mr. J. Bell*  
 Song—"Come Back to Erin," ..... *Mr. W. Alt*  
 Recitation—"Soliloquy of a Fly," ..... *Mr. J. Singelyn*  
 Violin Solo—"Flower Song," ..... *Mr. E. Welty*

---

Recitation—"Emmet's Vindication,"	.....	Mr. J. Young
Song—"You Better Ask Me,"	.....	Mr. M. Brisson
Recitation—"The Combat,"	.....	Mr. F. Costello
Song—"Selected,"	.....	Prof. Langlois
Cornet Solo, Orchestra accompaniment.		
Farce—Black Magic :		
Professor Fake	.....	Mr. L. Kennedy
Clown (Bill)	.....	Mr. L. Roberge
Man in Audience	.....	Mr. G. Richardson
Center March	.....	Orchestra
—L. W. Kennedy, '12.		

---

### Exchanges.

All of our exchanges this month are full of the spirit of Easter; it seems that the majority have shaken off the lethargy which, sad to tell, has held possession of them since the last extraordinary effort at Christmas time. They have experienced a sort of resurrection, or rather reformation; the early arrival of this joyful season has pleasantly shortened the "dark period" between New Year and Easter.

First among our visitors we welcome *Extension*. Far be it from our thoughts to criticise this remarkable magazine. Considering its great purpose and its own merits, it stands in advance of nearly every periodical within our knowledge. From the "Ten Minute Chat" on the first page to the young folks' department on the last, it is a marvel of taste, literary and artistic. Nowhere do the editors lose sight of their mission, "to acquaint the people with the work of the Extension Society, and the needs in the missionary field in our own country." May *Extension* increase its circulation tenfold.



The *Agnesian Quarterly* is a finely illustrated paper. Articles deserving of appreciation are those on Edward McDowell, Frederic Ozanam, the poem "Saint Catherine," and the critical essay on Gilbert K. Chesterton. The high tone of the quarterlies which reach us is a strong argument for those who favor less frequent appearances of college papers.

"Music and Life" in the *College Spokesman* is good. We are told that the last two centuries have beheld the greatest development of the musical art in the world's history, and, reading the through, we feel that the author knows whereof he speaks. Poetry is present in quantities, and quality is not lacking; witness "The Call." Three good stories add to the excellence of this welcome caller.

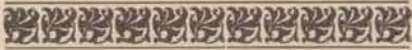
"The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the whole day dies  
With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one,  
But the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done."

COLLEGIAN.

We are grateful for the following: *Angelus, Augustinian, Beacon, Catholic Record, Catholic Register, Columbiad, Dial, Echoes from the Pines, Fordham Monthly, Laurel, Marquette University Journal, Mercury, Missionary, Mitre, Niagara Index, Notre Dame Scholastic, Patri-cian, S. M. I. Exponent, St. Mary's Messenger, St. Mary's Sentinel, Schoolman, Trinity College Record, University of Ottawa Review, University of Toronto Monthly, Viatorian, Victorian, Vox Studentis, Western University Gazette, Xavier.*

—J. M. Kane, '13.



RICHARD R. McKEE,  
**Wholesale Butcher**

SANDWICH, ONT.



We have endeavored to please  
the Students in our

SELECTION  
OF  
BASE-BALL  
GOODS

THIS SEASON.

Give Us a Call Before Purchasing.

**NEVEUX, CLINTON & BAXTER,**

TELEPHONE 99.

No. 7 Sandwich Street East.

**Boys !**

We can save you money on  
Made-to-Order Clothing for  
United States Prices.

**We make our Goods Up-to-Date  
We Invite Your Inspection.**

Also carry up-to-date lines of  
Furnishings, including Fownes  
and Perrin Gloves, and the Cel-  
ebrated "King" English Light  
Weight Hat.

**JORDAN & GRIFFITH,**

5 Sandwich West.

Next door to Dominion Bank.

**J. A. McCORMICK,**  
**Druggist and Stationer**

Sandwich, Ont.

All kinds of Liniments for  
Bruises, Sprains, etc.

All kinds of Cough Remedies  
for Coughs and Colds.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.



Colored Designs and Oil Paintings.

Telephone West 391

## M. E. VonMACH,

Church and Household Decorator,

Painting in All Its Branches,

Gilding Altars,

—Painting Life - Sized Pictures on Statuary,—  
Stage Scenery Painting and Fire Wall Hangings.

---

965 Michigan Avenue, - - - Detroit, Mich.

---

### SPECIAL NOTICE !

We do Cleaning and Pressing of Suits and Clothes  
Overcoats, Ladies Fine Dresses, Skirts  
and Coats at Lowest Prices.

For information call 107.

UNGAR WILLIAMSON LAUNDRY CO.

---

### YE STUDENTS!

GO TO

*Carron & Co.*

For Your Up-to-Date Clothing, Furnishings and Hats.

96 Woodward Ave.

Modern Clothes.

Modern Prices.

DETROIT, MICH.

---

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

# THE BURNS HOTEL

CADILLAC SQUARE,

DETROIT, - - - MICHIGAN

---

ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF.  
ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES.  
FINEST CAFE IN THE CITY.

*RATES, \$1.00 PER DAY AND UP!*

STRICTLY EUROPEAN.

---

JAMES D. BURNS, A. JAMES SINGELYN,  
PRORIETORS.

---

## HAVE YOU "THE CANADIAN LAWYER."

This useful and instructive work should be in the possession  
of every priest in the Dominion.

We have on hand all the Latest Works in Theology, Philoso-  
phy, Science, Church History, Devotion, Liturgy,  
and Canon Law.

---

— JUST ARRIVED —

A Large Shipment of

**LIBRARY AND PREMIUM BOOKS !**

WRITE FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE.

---

**W. E. BLAKE & SON,**

123 Church Street, - - - TORONTO, CAN.

---

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.



*HICKEY'S for Quality.*

Spring Suits

Spring Furnishings

Spring Hats

Spring Shoes

Are now ready with the usual goodness of HICKEY quality and in the largest and best variety we have ever shown. Many styles and novelties exclusive with us—especially for YOUNG MEN.

Get the Habit.

Go to

**HICKEY'S**

General Outfitters.

201-203 Woodward Ave.

**JOSEPH A. MARKS  
& CO.,**

**GENERAL  
SPORTING  
GOODS.**

Athletic Goods,  
Fishing Tackle,  
Guns and  
Ammunition.

93 WOODWARD AVE.,  
DETROIT, - MICH.

EXPERTS AT  
**PLUMBING**

—AND—

Steam - Fitting  
NATURAL  
GAS  
FITTING  
ROOFING AND  
METAL WORK.

**Pennington & Brian,**

47 West Sandwich St.,  
WINDSOR, - - - ONT.

When dealing with advertisers please mention the Assumption College Review.

YE OLDE FIRME.

# HEINTZMAN & Co. PIANOS,

115-117 King Street, Toronto,

Are used in nearly all the Academies  
and Colleges in Canada : : : : :

BECAUSE OF THEIR SUPERIORITY.

Write or Call on

**JOHN GLASSFORD, Dist. M'gr,**

Garner House Block, - - - CHATHAM,  
Or Head Office, Toronto, 115-117 King St., - TORONTO.

THE  
**Family Remedies**  
OF  
**VANDERHOOF & Co.**

Advertised and Recom-  
mended by

*Mrs. M. Summers,*

May be obtained at any

**Drug Store in  
Windsor or Sandwich, Ont.**

**N. RIVARD,**  
**Custom Tailor !**

Satisfaction Guaranteed,  
Clothes Cleaned and  
Pressed.

Cor. Pelissier and London Sts.,  
WINDSOR, - - - ONT.

**INSURANCE,**  
**REAL ESTATE,**  
**FINANCE.**

**J. G. GANGNIER,**

7 Ouellette Ave.,

WINDSOR, - - - ONT.

**FOR YOUR FIRST-CLASS PHOTO**  
GO TO THE

**Murdock Studio**

Curry Annex, - - Pitt St. East.

PHONE 824,

WINDSOR, - - - ONT.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.



# The Blonde Lumber and Mf'g Co.

Limited,

Lumber and Hardware Dealers,

Builders and Contractors : : :

CHATHAM, - - - - - ONTARIO

---

Manufacturers of

Exterior and Interior Work of all Kinds.

Church Seating, Altars, Pulpits and

Fittings a Specialty. : : :

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

---

## JOHN SCOTT & CO.,

WHOLESALE

## GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

PHONE 6,

WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

---

Something New !

### Candy Kid

A Dainty Pop Corn  
Confection.

CLYDE, FULLER & CO.

*Canadian Distributors.*

TRY

GEO. MITCHELL

FOR

### Fancy Confectionery !

Phone 594.

Howard Ave., - Windsor, Ont.

---

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

## **BOUG, WINDSOR'S GREATEST CLOTHIER**

---

### **Our Furnishings.**

For Furnishings that you'll like, come here. Our styles are not like every other Clothier's. We keep things that are different.

Styles that cannot be found in every store you enter.

#### **Furnishings Can Never Be Too Fresh!**

Come here for your Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, Etc., and you'll get the correct things. We search the best markets for the best things, and we get them.

Our New Spring Hats are in. We've every new shape that's going, that's correct—\$1.00 to \$3.00.

---

**W. BOUG,** Clothes, Hats and  
Furnishings.

9 Sandwich St. W., Windsor.

---

**“The Home of Good Things to Eat.”**

---

<p>BAKED GOODS</p>
<p>CONFECTIONERY</p>
<p>ICE CREAM</p>
<p>AND</p>
<p>WATER ICES.</p>

---

Warm Lunches on Second Floor.

---

**Morton Baking Co.,**

PHONE 616.

---

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.



## NATURAL GAS---RATES.

Nov. 1st to April 30th,  
May 1st to Oct. 31st,

25c per M. Net  
30c per M. Net

UNEQUALLED FOR

POWER,

HEATING,

COOKING and

LIGHTING

It not only furnishes the maximum service for all the above lines, but its cost, at the rates specified, is far below that of any product,

---

WINDSOR GAS COMPANY, LIMITED.



And all other Sea Food to be found daily at our store. We can offer you greater variety to choose from than can any one else in town, and OUR PRICES are always the very lowest consistent with the fine quality of fish we sell.

**WINDSOR FISH CO.**

D. E. Townsend, Mgr. Day Phone 316. Night 946

---

**THE HOME BANK  
OF CANADA,  
SANDWICH.**

---

**Original Charter, 1854.  
Head Office, Toronto.**

---

**Special Attention given to  
Saving's Bank Accounts  
and Farmer's Loans.**

---

When dealing with advertisers, please mention the Assumption College Review.

# Assumption College,

SANDWICH, ONT.

Conducted by the Basilian Fathers.

A Residential and Day School  
for Boys and Young Men . . . .

---

## Preparatory Course—

In this Course the younger students are prepared for the Commercial and Academic Courses.

## Commercial Course—

Besides careful instruction in English, students are given a thorough training in Book-keeping, Stenography and Typewriting.

## Academic Course—

Students are prepared in this Course for University Examinations.

## Arts Course—

The work in this Course is modelled on the matter contained in the Curricula of Canadian Universities.

This Course includes efficient instruction in the various branches of Philosophy as required in Catholic Seminaries.

ATHLETICS are encouraged and systematically directed. The Campus is very large.

The moral and religious training of the students receive the most careful attention.

REV. F. FORSTER, C.S.B.,  
President.

REV. V. J. MURPHY, C.S.B.,  
Treasurer.





